OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

"Thou Art the Helper of the Fatherless."—Psalm 10:14.

VOL. 21. NO. 4. BARIUM SPRINGS, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1914. PRICE $1 A YEAR.

Men we have Known IN Church and State.

By Wm. Laurie Hill.

REV. WILLIAM SWAN PLUMER D. D.

There was perhaps no gospel preacher of the 19th Century who had more reputation and commanded more attention in this country, as a pulpit orator, than Dr. Plumer. About the time that the writer removed to Richmond Va. Dr. Plumer had ceased to reside at Richmond, and after a pastorate in Baltimore, became a Professor in the Theological Seminary at Alleghany. He loved however to revisit his old home people in Richmond, and it was there that the writer had the privilege of hearing him when he was in the zenith of his fame and power.

To know and to talk with Dr. Plummer, was not like meeting with any other man, for he was never duplicated in all my acquaintance with preachers.

His personal appearance seemed to bring you in touch with apostolic days, for he had a wonderful presence.

Very tall with massive, head and hoary locks, and a long flowing grey beard that reached down upon his breast, His face reminded you of a lion in repose. With piercing black eyes that seemed to read your thoughts, with a voice deep and thrilling, he seemed at once to master his audience, and hold them subject to his wonderful will. His pulpit manner was purely original and he had a way of saying his most impressive things in a deep whisper that could be heard, and the silence for often a minute after their utterance, was even more eloquent than words.

We remember hearing him at Dr. Hoge's church one Sunday afternoon, in an exposition of the 12th. of Eccs. "Remember now thy creator in the days of thy youth."

We have heard the same passage expounded since, but will carry through life his picture of the creeping on of old age, when the grinders cease because they are few," "when the door shall be shut in the street," the eyesight shall fail, "when they shall be afraid of that which is high," "and the almond tree shall flourish," and the grasshopper shall be a burden."

Never have I heard a more thrilling discription given of the loosing of the silver cord, and of the mourners following their friend to his lone home.

In presenting gospel truth, Plumer was very pathetic: in presenting the law, he could awake the thunders of Sinai and startle his hearers with Jehovah's demunications of sin.

During the Civil War Dr. Plumer was naturally a sympathizer with his own people of the South, but continued to hold a position in Alleghany Seminary for a time. The story is told that he was waited on at his residence by a deputation of the Faculty, who were to find out "just where his sympathies were."

The doctor received them with great cordiality and they talked about a great many things before reaching the point of their visit. Atlast the spokesman said "Dr. Plumer, our country as you know, is engaged in a great struggle to put down this rebellion, and we have been requested to find out just where your sympathies are in the struggle?"

The doctor sat as silent as a sphinx, and the keen glance that he gave his inquisitors made all their eyes have business in another direction.

At last tired of waiting, and being oppressed by the heavy silence, the spokesman said, "Well Doctor, we must be going what shall we tell the faculty?"

In a voice deep and strong he replied, "tell them you dont know," and this was all the satisfication they got. It was not long after this before the Alleghany Seminary got a new Prof. and it was this iquisitorial dismisal of Dr. Plumer, that gave to christian literature, his splendid Commentary on the

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Birds At My Windows

It has been my habit for years to feed the gray squirrel and also the birds that have inhabited the trees and garden in the rear of my house on Highland street, Roxbury, Massychusetts.

The gray squirrels, sparrows and blue jays have been bountifully supplied with peanuts from the back windows, and sometimes when a window has been left open' I have found a squirrel perched on the piano in the back parlor, helping himself from the peanut bag. I have always allowed them to stay as long as they wished, and eat all they desired. When their appetiter were satisfied they would frequently take away nuts and bury them in the back yard. I have enjoyed these visits very much, and during the fall and winter seasons the birds have always been well remembered.

During the severe cold spell of Januryry I was very careful to have plenty of crumbs, of the kinds which the birds enjoyed, spread out on rugs on the shed roof so that the birds could help themself when they wished. It was quite amusing to see them gather on the branches of the trees and watch for breakfast and supper that were regularly furnished them,

A PRAYER.

By the faith that the flowers show
when they bloom unbidden,

By the calm of the river's flow to
a goal that is hidden,

By the trust of the tree that clings
to its deep foundation,

By the courage of wild birds wings
on the long migration,

(Wonderful secret of peace that
abides in Nature's breast!)

Teach me how to confide, and live
my life and rest.

—Henry Van Dyke

One day as I was looking out of the back window I noticed in a tree a sparrow, which seemed to be hanging by one foot. My first though was that the foot had become frozen to the limb, as the weather was biiterly cold. I watched him for a while, and then it occurred to me that he fluttred his wings occasionally.

My sympathies for the poor bird were excited and I went to the cellar and got a garden rake, and then to the tree where the bird was caught, and after a while I succeeded in breaking off and pulling down the limb to which he was held fast. On examination, I found that he was cripple and had a crooked leg. Around the leg was a long thread to which a needle was attached. Probably the bird had caught his foot in this thread in the yard of some house, and had flown away to the tree and the thread, blown by the wind, had become entangled about the limb. At any rate, it was so firmly attached that the bird was suspended in mid air.

The sparrow was very lifeless when I released him in the house. He revived with food and warmth and as soon as he was able to fly about the room, I opened a window and he flew away. I hoped my little crippled sparrow would come back; I wondered how he fared and I watched for him when the birds came down for their breakfasts and suppers morning and evening. One morning my anxiety sor his welfare was gratified when I spied him among the other sparrows eating his luncheon. He was still lame but able to get his share,

It is well to remember the birds and squirrels, and to feed them when their times are hard.

Miss Mervilleux—"What is the longest word in the English language, Mr. Ponsonby?"

Ponsonby (promptly)—

" 'Disproportionableness' "

Miss Mervilleux (pouting(—"Do you know? Tell me, then, which is the most difficult to pronounce?"

Ponsonby—"When with you? 'Goodby.' " —Harper's Bazar.

HOME HAPPENINGS

—Clothing boxes.

* * * *

—The children are proud of their clothing.

* * * *

—Spring will soon burst forth in all its glory.

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—We enjoyed a week-end visit from John Carriker, of Davidson.

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—Editor Hill is spending several days at Davidson this week in interest of Our Fatherless Ones.

* * * *

—The Busy Bee Missionary Society continue to sell beautiful post cards of the Home. Send fifteen cents and get a dozen.

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—Miss McGee, music teacher, and her music pupils are arranging to give a musicale next Friday night.

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—Miss Elizabeth Hicks, our principal, is enjoying a visit from her sister, Miss Katie Hicks, of Faison.

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—Miss Templeton, who has been at home for several weeks, returned last week and resumed her duties as teacher of the fifth grade Monday.

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—Supt. and Mrs. Walker returned from Florida last Friday night, after spending about a week in that delightful clime. They enjoyed their outing immensely, and we were glad for them to take it, but also glad to see them baak.

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—A wagon load of our larger boys went to Troutman last Saturday night to hear the debate in the graded school building. There between representatives of Troutman and Scotts. The Troutman boys carried away the honors.

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—Mr. Lowrance butchered several hogs Monday. We eat them is such a short time that it doesn't make much difference whether the weather is suitable or not. We have a few more to be killed before the season is over.

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—The printer boys, as well as all of the other children whose birthday comes in March, are looking forward to the coming of Editor Hill's birthday on next Saturday. His birthday comes on Sunday but he celebrates on Saturday by giving a feast. The only thing we boys regret is that he does not have but one birthday a year.

* * * *

—Miss McEachin at last has the mumps. She has been living in great expectancy for the past month or two. It had begun to look like she was going to be slighted, but not so, this old fellow mumps knew what he was doing—he was only saving the best until last.

* * * *

—In the absence of Mr. Walsh, Tuesday evening Supt. Walker conducted the prayer service and gave us an interesting and instructive discourse from Psalms 84:12 "O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee," and made it very plain that true happiness and blessedness are to be found only by trusting in the Lord.

* * * *

—Several of our small boys were discussing the color of clothing worn by people "in mourning." One little boy said they always wear black. Another was sure that they sometimes wear white. Upon hearing this a third little boy was sure the latter was mistaken and asserted that you wear white after you go to heaven.

—Last week in writing about the kitchen we forgot to state that it takes two barrels of flour a day to feed our large family. At this rate we could soon eat a car load of flour.

* * * *

—Old winter seems lothe to let go his grip upon us; last Saturday night we had a very cold snap and light fall of snow, Sunday was bright and sunshiny although the wind was as keen as a razor. It is these sudden changes that fill our Infirmary to overflowing with bad colds, mumps and whooping-cough. Oh, for the bright spring days we long to hear the blue birds mocking birds and song sparrow once more.

* * * *

—We have had with us from the Van Lindley Nurseries Mr. Stack who came to demonstrate to our Farm boys how to set out a young orchard, Mr. Stack is not slack in his movements, with his help, our boys set out 500 apple trees in a day and a half, they have yet some peaches and walnuts to plant. In the course of time we shall have one of the best orchards in all this section of the State. We have now a pear orchard that has not its superior anywhere.

* * * *

—Our little sister Balfour Orphanage is certainly a model place for children and they do things there. Brother Smith stated recently "that our Farmer Boys sold over hundred dollars worth of butter and eggs last year, besides what they used for themselves, and they had plenty." That is certainly a good showing. Somehow our hens have not proved a pay streak. If there was a little nigger in the hay loft we would understand why the hens don't lay, but we have too few eggs from our number of hens.

* * * *

—Some of our readers find occasion to complain about the way our printer boys divide words at the end of the line, and we admit that they have abundant reason for such complaint. Our small boys find it so convenient to set right out to the end of the line and drop in a hyphen regardless of syllables. Often it is impossible to make the correction without resettiug the type, and for this reason we tell them about it and let it go and expect them to get it right the next time. After they get a little more experience they will overcome this fault.

* * * *

—It often proves a great blessing to save things. Last week we had something to say about an old copy of Our Fatherless Ones in the possession of Mr. C. G. Lippard of Woodleaf. After reading what we had to say Mr. Lippard sent us this copy, and lo, and behold, it turned out to be the first copy of Our Fatherless Ones every issued. It was a little folio in newspaper form and was published twice a month. Although small in size it was great in contents. We regard it as a great find, in fact, it is a gem of a little paper as an initial number, and judging from its appearance at birth, we are forced to believe it has a great and noble careev before it. We are planning to reproduce this copy of Our Fatherless Ones and place a copy in the hands of each of our children and send a copy to all of our subscribers. Then, too, the discovery of this paper established the exact date Our Fatherless Ones was first issued, March 8th, 1893. So, this paper was twenth-one years old on the eighth day of March, 1914, instead of nineteen years. We are certainly indebted to Mr. Lippard for preserving this paper in good condition.

Victor Blue's Brother

So did two country boys from North Carolina pursue different courses that led them to the ends of the earth and on many crisscross journeys between, reach high official position in Washington at about the same time," In these words William Atherton Du Puy, writing in the Review of Reviews, sums up the careers of the Blues, Victor, chief of the bureau of navigation of the United States Navy, and Rupert, surgeon general and head of the public health service.

Most Tar Heels are well acquainted with the more spectacular career of Victor Blue. The picture of the young sailor from the Old North State strolling nonchalantly through the very midst of the enemie's host, picking out and marking on a chart the position of his ships, and then returning to shoot the flag off the top of one of his forts, is one that has caught the public fancy. There is romance in it something of the spirit of D. Artagan, and all the world rose up to acclaim.

"BETTER BIDE A WEE."

You can make the clock strike before the hour by putting your own hands on it, but it will strike wrong. You can tear the rosebud open before its time, but you mar the beauty of the rose. So we may spoil many a blessing which God is preparing for us by our own eager haste. He is weaving our lives into beauty and strength. He has a perfect plan for each. Don't pull at the threads of life. God's love is the motive of all delay, to give us unexpected and surprising blessings.—Exchange.

But few of us have any conception of the war from which his brother Rupert has emerged, after 20 years fighting with the chief command. We know that whenever bubonic plague, or cholera, or yellow fever breaks out in some American port that the public health officials are promptly on the job, and that presently the threatened epidemic subsides. But that a North Carolinian directs the fight against the horrors in a matter of State pride that has received little attention.

Rupert Blue's battlefield has been a laboratory, but the contest was none the less hard fought for that. His brother prowled around the Spanish lines at imminent risk of receiving death in the form of a steee-jacketed bullet at any minute. But Rupert Blue has been reconnoitering the citadel of Grim Death himself, at the risk of meeting his in a form almost as swift, quite as sure and infinitely more horrible than any wound inflicted by shot or shell. How would you like to experiment with a mosquito whose drill wac charged with yellow fever,or a tick, whose bite meant the spotted fever that kills nine times out of ten, or a flea that carried the bubonic plague, the Black Death whose hideousness is unimaginable? Yet all these are in the day's work of the corps of surgeous of the health service, out of whose ranks Dr. Blue has risen.

The casualities in that band have been frightful. There is Goldberger, of the charmed life, who has survived yellow fever, dengue and typhus, all contracted while on duty fighting them; but few have been so fortunate Rickets, of Chicago, and Coneff of Ohio, both of whom were taken with yellow fever when Goldberger had it, are in their graves There is Lazeier, who succumbed to "yellow jack" while cleaning up Havana; McClintic, whom spotted fever claimed in Montana, but not until he had gathered the data that furnished the basis for the campaign that finally banished that plague: and scores of others who died for their country as certainly as any leader of a forlorn hope.

The Carolinas have recently had an example of the work of these soldiers whose aim is to banish death instead of to inflict it in the recent gathering at

Continued on fourth page.

How the Children ARE Trained in the Home

By One of the Boys.

VI.—IN THE LAUNDRY.

At one time the laundry work was a gigantic undertaking. The task was such a great one and the equipment was so poor that it was necessary to employ colored women to do the washing by hand. The ironing was done by the larger girls. The building used for the laundry was a small wooden building and was altogether inadequate for the work. The building was destroyed by fire in the year 1901, and was the second and last loss by fire that the Home has suffered since it was established. This fire, however, seems to have been sent as a blessing for it paved the way for better things. Then, too, it came just at the right time in the week—Friday night—after practically all of the children's clothing had been returned to the cottages, so the loss of clothing was very slight.

The demand for an industrial building at that time was very great. This need pierced the heart of the late S. P. Alexander, of Charlotte, and this loyal friend of the Home bequeathed a sum of money in his will to erect an industrial building. This building was completed during the year 1902 and is known as the Alexander Industrial Building. In this building are located the laundry, work shop, printing office, canning factory, shoe shop, boiler and engine room. When this building was built it was large enough to accomodate the work at that time, but as the work done in this building has been improved and increased it has become necessary to make plans to enlarge the Industrial Building in order to accomodate increased facilities.

The laundry occupies one-half of the first floor in the Industrial Building; and is equipped with modern, labor-saving machinery. The machinery is run by a motor, but the ironing is done by hand with electrical irons.

The work in the laundry is done by a group composed of four of the larger girls, who are assisted by six or eight of the smaller girls. These girls work in the laundry for a month at a time, and at the end of a month they are changed to another department.

When you remember the number of children in the Home, and that all of them have their laundering done by this group of small girls, you must admit that there is a great amount of work to be done before the task is completed each week. Some of the girls who assist in this work are not over twelve years of age, and are learning to perform almost any of the duties found in a laundry.

The girls are always glad when Friday comes for they finish the work in the laundry on this day and that ends their duties for the week. For this reason th majority of the girls would ratherworkin the laundry than in any of the other departments. They can finish the work in the laundry before the end of the week, but the kitchen and sewing room and cleaning-up lasts all the time.

We haven't said that the class of the work done by our girls is up to the standard of all up-to-date laundries. It is not, and we could hardly expect it to be when we remember the small girls that do the work and the amount to be done. However, they do the best they can considering the experience they have had, and the hum of the machinery and the song of the lasses may be heard almost any time in the day, which would indicate that they do their work in a joyful spirit and when work is done in a happy, pleasant way good results are bound to be forth-coming.

The work in the laundry is under the direction of Miss Emma Lippard, who lives about half a mile from the Home Miss Lippard has been in charge of our laundry for about ten years.

Our Fatherless Ones

WM. LAURIE HILL, Editor.

Published Weekly by the Presbyterian Orphans' Home.

Entered at the Postoffice at Barium Springs, as second-class matter.

On the expiration of time for which payment has been made for this paper it is legal to continue to send the paper for one year. After the one year the paper must stop by law.

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THURSDAY, MARCH 26TH, 1914.

NATURE'S SERMON.

We think it must have been in the very early spring tide, just as old winter was loosing her grip upon nature, that Shakespere wrote those wonderful words.

"Tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Have not the trees tongues to-day, and are they not whispering to us "old winter has gone, and soon we will be able to shout for joy through leaf and blossom. Tis sweet when the April days come to lie down beside some running brook upon the green turf and listen to those trees that whisper back their answer to the birds that sing amid the blossoms. All nature seems full of melody and the brook joins in the chorus with sweet notes full of harmony.

Yes nature is a wonderful preacher. She tells us how with the rotating season. Tree and shrub and flower, awake to a new resurrection life, and as draws near the season of the sear and yellow leaf, she tells us, "we all do fade as a leaf."

And then when the snow of winter wraps nature in a winding sheet," we are told of "the sleep of Death."

Spring is the Ressurrection time, and how our hearts rejoice as we feel the approach of that balmy season, when all nature is decked in living green, and the song birds make our woodlands ring with a melody that finds no rival.

THE TRUE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

No young man wants to prove a failure; and there is no youth who does not wish to win his way in the world. And while this is so, it is equally true, that about seven out of every ten men, not only come short of their ambitions, but the different avocations in life, are litterally strewn with human derelicts may be put down as failures.

The reason for this is not far to seek. Success in no business is ever achieved without a foundation. As well may a man undertake to build a substantial house without laying deep and strong a foundation: as to build a business, without first understanding the bed-rock principles of that buisness. It is true that great fortunes have been made by men who had limited opportunities; But if we analyze the characters of those men, we will find, that they had just the abilities needed to accomplish results, and, what we have now to train and Educate for, seems to have been to them, a special gift.

The first years in the business experience of any man are more or less, an experiment: and that is why we so often see men, change their occupation. In making a start in life a young man should first seek to know "just what I am best fitted for." When that is determined, then bend every energy to perfecting your-in that department of business you expect to follow. The key note to success is efficiency, and we have yet to see a young man fail who used judgement in his choice of a business, and who put forth his best energies in following that business.

It is the shiftless fellow who always wants to know "what time it is?,' and whose only aim seems to be to "beat time," that can never be counted on to succeed at anything. Just such people grow to manhood, live from hand to mouth, and swell the column of the un-employed.

NO TIME TO READ.

No one knows how often this flimsy excuse is given for not taking a paper, but the Field Man whose business it is to get subscribers.

"No sir! I don't want your paper. I haven't time to read it if I did take it." This says the young man who will dawdle about a small country store, doing an odd job now and then, and he will spend more time in reading the jokes in an old almanac, or in laughing at "Mutt and Jeff," than would read "Our Fatherless Ones" a dozen times over.

You may rest assured that the man that hasn't time to read "the only paper that gives him information as to the work being done in behalf of the helpless Orphans of his church, isn't much of a church or Sunday School man, and takes but little interest in one of the most important enterprises of his church.

It just makes us tired to hear such excuses given for not taking our paper, and our experience of five years in the field, has taught us "to put the saddle on the right horse."

We don't waste much time on such people for they are losing more than we are, and are losing golden opportunities of knowing something about our great Orphanage work.

JUSTICE, NOT CHARITY NEEDED.

We clip the following from "The State Journal" and as it points a moral as well as adorns a tale," we let it speak for its self.

We don't need charity balls and bazars with which to send the bread-wagon, to the hungry poor. What we do want, is a liberal honest wage, so that every man and woman may live by their own God-given ability.

We want more men who live not for greed, but the betterment of the race.

Get Off The Cats Tail.

"The State Journal does not condemn the motives of those people who seek to help the needy in the ways that we know as charity. We commend those who are actuated by sincere wishes to be helpful. But our position is that if the ruling classes of society would set about first to see that justice is done, there will be little need left for charity. Tolstoi said that the rich are willing to do anything for the poor except to get off their backs. It is gratifying to see that the new idea of justice instead of charity is gaining a hold in the country. Thus, Dr. Percy Grant, rector of the Church of the Ascension of New York, recently told a story showing that men like himself are beginning to see the truth.

It was the story of a tender-hearted lady in a philanthropic society who rushed to stroke and pat a stray kitten that had come for refuge into the office from the crowded street. The more she stroke the kitten's back, however, the more she soothingly said, "Poor Kitty, good Kitty!" the more the cat yowled and spat. The ungratefulness of the animal filled the good lady with surprise and grief until it was discovered that while she was patting the kitten's head she was standing upon its tail! "The moral of the incident," said Dr. Grant, "is that no amount of external and superimposed philanthropy can produce much effect upon men ane women smarting from a sense of economic wrong and social injustice."

FIELD NOTES

Salisbury, March 19.—Across the street hangs a large display sign that flaps in the wind before your eyes just as you leave the station, and upon it is emblazed in large letters.

"Salisbury is the place," and it is very evident that the Salisbury people think so.

When I look at the Salisbury of to-day, and then remember the first time I ever saw the old town, I am led to exclaim "sholy de world do move!" When the writer was about in his lower 'teens, he drove in an old rattle trap of a buggy all the way from Milton in Caswell County, to Salisbury along the old stage road, in company with his father, who came on a strange errand.

The bank at Milton had at that time a surplus of New York Exchange, and the bank of Cape Fear at Salisbury had a surplus of gold. So my father carried a New York check with him for twenty five thousand dollars and exchanged it at par with the Cape Fear Bank. Putting the box into the foot of our old buggy, we then drove across the country seventy five miles and taking our time, reached home in safety with our treasure, we had neither gun nor pistol, and nothing but a pocket knife that could be considered a weapon of defence. Those were honest days and there was little risk in making such a journey, but how far would we have gone in these modern days with twenty five thousand dollars in gold, over a dirt road?

Salisbury has certainly improved, of late years, much money has been spent on her streets, and there are miles of concrete side-walks. No North Carolina town aspires to city airs without "a sky-scraper" and Salisbury has a very tasty office building with every modern convenience.

As Salisbury is the home town of our most worthy U. S. Senator Lee S. Overman, we are glad to see that our general government has built a most beautiful white marble post office building here, which is an ornament to the town, and a credit to our Senator.

The town seems to be spreading out in manufactures and there is a hum of thrift here that I like to see.

Another proof of the prosperity of Salisbury is the quality of her homes. In every direction good homes have been built and there are evidences of comfort that speak louder than any boastful screed of the real estate man, whose business is naturally, to boost the town. Really men do not have to strain the truth when, evidences of prosperity are all around you.

The First Presbyterian Church has just completed a new manse, and brother Clark is now domiciled, in a very sweet and attractive home. We paid our first visit to the Whitehead, Stokes Sanitarium on yesterday, and are not surprised that those in need of surgical or medical aid, seek quarters here, you are met at the door with courtesey and skill, and made to feel that no attention will be lacking.

We waited on Thursday, more than an hour to get a word with Dr. Whitehead, and counted no less than five poor lame fellows that come for treatment within that time.

We would enjoy our visit to Salisbury, but for having brought along that pest of pests, the grip which gives us little chance to rest.

But we are satisfied that Dr. Whitehead has about coralled "the old fellow."

Wm. Laurie Hill.

An Arab's View Of Us

An Arab who visited New York City is said to have sent this letter home: "People in America travel like rats under the ground (meaning the subway), and like squirrel in the air (meaning the elevated railways), and the buildings are so high that people have to be put in square boxes and pulled to the top by heavy ropes (meaning the elevator). In the day the sun furnishes light the same as in Morocco. At night the light is as strong as the day, but people here do not seem to have much use for sleep, as the streets are just as crowded at night as in the day."—The Outlook.

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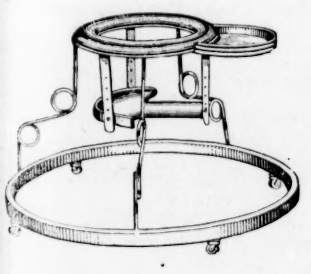

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We can handle Bank checks, Express money orders or Post Office money orders, as you prefer to send. We have Express and P. O. money order offices here.

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All supplies sent by freight will be stopped at Barium Springs, if charges are prepaid. If charges are not prepaid, supplies should be sent to Troutman, N. C. To get supplies forwarded without charge, application must be made previously to the general manager of freight through your local agent

☞ Notice of all shipments should be promptly sent to the Superintendent, and Express or Freight Bill of Lading inclosed.

Telegrams should be addressed to us at Statesville, N. C. 'Phone 912X.

THURSDAY, MARCH 26TH, 1914.

Ain't It Fine Today

Sure dis world am full ob trouble
Ah ain't said it ain't.
Lawd! ah've got enough and double
Reason fo' complaint.
Rain an' storm hab come to fret me;
Skies been often gray;
Thorns an' brambles hab beset me
On de road—but say,
Ain't it fine to day!

What's de use o' always weepin',
Makin' trouble last?
What's de use o' always keepin'
Thinkin' o' de past?
Each must hab his tribulation;
Watah with his wine.
Life? it am no celebration.
Trouble? Ah've had mine:
But today am fine.

It's today dat ah'm livin',
Not a month ago;
Havin', losin', takin', givin',
As time wills it so.
Yesterday a cloud o' sorrow
Fell across de day;
It may rain again tomorrow—
It may rain—but say,
Ain't it fine today!

About Marketing Perishable Freight.

In an effort to aid fruit and vegetable growers and shippers to put their perishable shipments on the market in first class saleable condition, the Southern Railway and Georgia Southern and Florida Railway have issued an illustrated circular on "Rules Governing the Proper Marking and Loading of Perishable Freight."

The circular contains information which was prepared after exhaustive investigation and is illustrated with twenty-eight photographs showing proper and improper methods of packing and loading perishable fruit and truck. The circular is being distributed among all important fruit and vegetable growers on the lines of the Southern and G S. & F. Railway and to all agents, and it is felt that considerable improvement and better returns to the grower and shipper will result from the idea.

One striking photograph is shown in the circular of a car loaded from end to end and piled high with beans and onions. The containers used were poor and weak. Of this slip-shod, costly method of shipping, the following comment is made: "Does it surprise you to learn they were in such a broken and crushed condition on arrival at destination they barley brought freight charges? On the other hand, what do you think of the grower who spends big money on fertilizer and labor to grow his crops, and then deliberately buys a poor weak container in which to pack them, and crowns his short sighted policy by loading them in the above manner? It is such as he who finally go under and wonder why."

By Way Of Variety.

"Variety is the spice of life," quoted the girl as she coiled her hair in an extremely original way. "Now, I know that there won't be another girl at the party with a hair-fix like this—and I'm glad."

"No," laughed the brunette, as she swung her feet idly from her seat on the bed, "there won't be another girl with a fix like that. I agree with you."

"Don't be sarcastic, Betty," admonished the first speaker, as she surveyed herself leisurely in the glass. "I like being different. I like to wear odd clothes, and queer slippers and Oriental bits of jewelry. I like to fix my hair in ways so that people will look at me. It's simply great to be different. So many girls—aren't."

(If I were a man I would write notes, furtiverly, on my cuffs. As I am not, I take them, without comment, and place them in a small corner of my mind, labeled "copy." Mentally I jotted down the conversation to use at a letter day. This is the day.)

The girls were talking about clothes and hairdressing and other unessential things. But they had a hard, clean-cut idea behind all the seeming foolishness.

Did you ever live in a place with beautiful scenery—mountains and little streams and sunsets? And did you ever stand out in the evening time and watch the colors stain the blue gray of the sky into a thing of wonderful beauty? And did you love them? Because. if you loved them, you perhaps noticed that no two of them were exactly alike. They were all sunsets; but some were crimson, some were purple, and some were gold. The cloud-shapes were different, and the light streaks were never the same shape.

Here is another comparison. Did you ever see a block of houses built along in a row by the same unoriginal architect—square, little, rather practical houses, with the same shaped roofs and the same sized porches and the same number of windows? Even, perhaps, painted the same color? And didn't you dislike to see those houses? Didn't your eyes ache with looking at them?

A few days ago I was visiting a manicure at a not very attract-little place. The manicure girls were over-dressed, a trifle loud in expression, extremely loud in voice. I was rather dismayed by them until the girl who was to wait on me came forward. She was a sweet-faced little thing with attractively arranged hair and a natural complexion. Her dress was a simple black and her shoes were nearly sensible; but her voice, when she spoke to me, was the greatest surprise of all. Softly, musically, without a trace of the New York accent, she asked my errand, and smiling graciously she led me to a table.

"You are from the South or the West, aren't you?" I asked abruptly. She interested me, there among the others. But I was surprised by her answer to my question.

"I have lived in New York all my life," she told me. "I was borne and brought up here. I stay here all except one week in the summer time, when I have my vacation. But I guess I'm a little different. The girls in this place tease me about it. They say that nobody can hear what I say. They say: 'For goodness' sake, Mary, don't put on airs.' They think that I'm affected. I'm not."

"Of course you're not," I agreed with her. "Don't let them bully you into a loud voice and a bold manner. It's charming to see you here."

The final polish had been completed and I rose to go. The girl followed me to the door. "When you come again," she told me, with her sweet, out-of-place little smile, "ask for me—Miss Smith. I do like to talk to you."

"I certainly shall," I told her heartily. She was an interesting character, and I liked to talk to her.

Did you ever think of the stories that come in daily to the newspaper and magazine and publishing offices? And did you ever think of the people whose business it is to read these same stories? People who see that a story is published or send it back? Do you know which stories they choose? Not the silly, commonplace. everyday little stories that have been told thousands of times with different scenes and names and, perhaps, expression of speech. No! They choose the stories that are clever and absorbing and original. In short, the stories that are different.

Girls are you different? Because you owe it to yourself, and to everybody else, to be original in some way. Not in the tiny, trivial things, but in the things that count. Don't think that I want you to wear a black stocking on one foot and a white one on the other as you walk through the streets. That would attract attention, and it would certainly be different. Don't imagine I want you to develop a sarcastically original mode of speech that will make people squirm, even while they laugh. Don't think I want you to do wild, rash things—and boast of them, so that folk will talk of you and call you different.

I do not want you to be like a row of frame houses, all painted alike—that is all. I would hate to have you talk like Marian, and dress like her, and act like her—just because she is your chum. Copy her good qualities if you like, but do not lose your own individuality, because then you will be only one of a soulless row of houses.

But, friends of mine, I want each one of you to be like God's own sunsets. All of you be alike in this—that you show the brilliant colors of truth, and happiness, and love, and let your minds and your hearts shape themselves after your own hopes and wishes and desires. Be different—but be yourselves.

A Word To The Boys.

Not long ago I heard a young and very successful physician apeaking of his mother in terms which, if slightly slangy, I knew would rejoice her heart. "You know," he remarked, "I have the sweetest little mother that ever happened."

The other day I had an opportunity to meet this mother—a dear, quiet little woman, who, after thirty years in this country, still retains the foreign accent brought from her far-off home across the seas.

Such a light as came into her face when I repeated her son's words. "Oh," she said, "that was nice of him. He iss the only boy I haf, and we haf always been so much to each other."

It is a beautiful thing that a few years ago it came to one young woman's heart to found a special day for "Mother's Day's—that once a year busy men and women take the time to write a wordof loving appreciation to the mothers from whom they have perhaps traveled fsr away. But it is not necessary to confine our words of loving appreciation to that one special day. Daughters are perhaps more apt to speak out the love that is in their hearts for mother. After the first childhood years, the sons are a little inclined to forget to speak such words, no matter how much they may feel them. It seems to be generally accepted that the sons "drift away from their mothers" more quickly than the daughters.

If some of you boys who read this would only make the effort to let your mother know that you do appreciate her ceaseless efforts for your good and happiness! If you feel that you have indeed "the sweetest little mother that ever happened," I can assure you of one thing. In the long after years when perhops she may be no longer with you, you will never regret that you gave expression to that love and appreciation 'while there was yet time." And if you fail to tell her—well, that is what will cause you sharp regrets long years from now!

Dr. Jacobs Seventy two Years Young

We rejoice with our old friend Dr. Jacobs in the Celebration of his 72nd birth-day: and read with pleasure the greetings that come to him from hundreds of his children, that are now holding useful positions, all over the world.

The Thornwell men and women that have gone forth bearing the impress of a Fathers love, can never forget Dr. Jacobs, for he wills live on in their lives, as they reflect his life, in their deeds.

Not Needed

Scene (fashionable restaurant)—Wife (as the lump sugar is passed): "Use the tongs, Hiram. Don't pick it up with your fingers."

Hiram (from the country): "Why not? The sugar isn't hot, is it?"

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HUMOROUS

"George Washington," read the small boy, "was born February 22, 1732, A. D."

"What does 'A. D.' stand for?" inquired the teacher.

The small boy pondered. "After dark, I guess."—Ex.

* * * *

"Well, auntie, have you got your photographs yet?"

"Yes; and I sent them back in disgust."

"Gracious! How was that?

"Why, on the back of every photo was written this: "The original of this is carefully preserved."

* * * *

The teacher was instructing the class in the rudiments of the English language. "John," she said, "make me a sentence using the word indisposition," John who was evidently full of a pugilistic turn of mind, assumed an aggressive pose and announced, "when yous want to fight you stand in dis position. "Youths Companion.

* * * *

He "Raised It."

Mr. Rural Hamlet (to ministerial guest)— Do have some more of the corn, Dr. Eighty. It came out of our own garden.

Little Buttin Hamlet—Yes, 'n the chicken came outer our own garden, too. Pa said he bet the folks next door would keep their hens at home afer he caught a few more of 'em.—Judge.

* * * *

Arthur was passing a day with his aunt. "I am going to do something to please you on your birthday," she said to the ittle boy, "but first I want to ask the teacher how you behave at school." "If you really want to do something to please me. auntie," said the boy, "please don't ask the teacher."—Lippincotts.

* * * *

Old Uncle Steve, our colored station porter, down at Ivor, has a son in Petersburg. One day recently the old man heard that his son had gone and got married. He hunted him up and said to him:

"Look hyer, Aberham, I done heerd you all got married, is yer?"

"Well," said Abe, "I aint savin dat I aint."

"I ain't axin' is you ain't," said the old man, "I'm axin' ain't you is?"

* * * *

His Disposition.

During a concert tour of the late Theodore Thomas and his celebrated orchestra one of the musicians died, and the following telegram was immediately dispatched to the parents of the deceased:

"John Blank died suddenly to-day. Advise by wire as to disposition."

In a few hours the answer was received, reading as follows:

"We are heartbroken; his disposition was a roving one."—Washington Herald.

* * * *

Jes So

A good old colored minister down in Petersburg was preaching on the subject of creation. and stated that the first man was a black man. "Yes. an' de Lord lean him up against a picket fence an' when he dried, he done bleached out all white. Just then a skeptical member of his congregation called out, who made the picket fence, pahson, dats what I wanter know?"

"Brudder Jackson, its jes such fool question like dem youse axin me dat takes de salubriousness all out ob the glorious 'ligion dat I'se tryin' to lucidate to some ob you pore ig'nant membahs of dis yeah congregation.

* * * *

The Ready Reply.

A garrulous old negro in a Southern city used to meet the judge of the county court nearly every day on the way to market. Long friendship between the two had let down the bars a little, and the black man's invariable salutation was:

"Mornin', jedge; what's the news to-day, jedge, sah?"

The white man once varied his usual answer of "No news, Jerry," by giving the negro a real bit. "The United States has just declared war against Spain," he said.

For a minute old Jerry was flustered by his departure from routine, but quickly recovered his balance and, with a wise eye cocked up at the cloudless sky, he chirped:

"Well, jedge, dey's picked a good day for it."—Everybody's Magazine.

THE FRIENDLY HAND.

When a man ain't got a cent an' he's feelin' kind o' blue,
An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy, an' won't let the sun shine through,
It's a great thing, O, my brethren, for a fellow just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way!

It makes a man feel curious; it makes the tear-drop start,
An' you sort o' feel a flutter in the region of the heart.
You can look up and meet his eyes; you don't know what to say,
When his hand is on your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

Oh, the world's a curious compound with its honey an' its gall,
With its care and bitter crosses; but a good world, after all;
An' a good God must have made it—leastways that's what I say
When a hand rests on my shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Norway to Adopt a New Tongue

In 1914 Norway will celebrate the centennial anniversary of her emancipation from Denmark and the recovery of her independence as a separate kingdom with a constitution of her own, though united by dynastic ties with Sweden until 1905 It is supposed to signilize the national rejoicingsin honor of the occasion bythe adoption, in due process of law, of a new tongue as the official and national language of Norway. About sixty years ago Ivar Aasen, philologist, patriot aud scholar, of Norway. constructed a lauguage which he named "Landsmaal," and embodied in his new speech much of the old Norse and ancient Sagas, as well as the idoms and dialects of the remoter region of the kingdom, where the peasantry have clung through four centuries of Danish dominaion to the tongue spoken by their forebears in the days of the Vikings. Employing these and other materials and adaping them to modern requirements, Aasen succeeded in evolving so melodious and poetic a language that the vast majority of his countrymen, commencing with the rural population, have accepted it for their songs, for their plays, for their sermons and for their ve-naculart True, neither Henrik Ibsen, Bjornsen, nor any ot her Norwegian author of great renown has used "Landemaal" in his best works, but the common people accept it gladly, and that it will be the vehicle of high authorship in the future, few Norwegians doubt. Landsmaal is phanetic and is not so radically different from the printer Dauist language that an educated Dane canuot make it out. Something of the sort has been accomplished in Finland, save that now an educated Finlander must learn three languages, Finish, Swedish and Russian, in order to keep abreast of the times.—Popular Mechanics.

Victor Blue's Brother

Continued from page one

Spartanburg to study pallagra. That disease still baffels all the wonderful resources of medical science, but the fight against it has only just begun, and before the battle ceases pellagra will be tamed in the same manner that smallpox has been.

If North Carolina reserves the memory of the hero of Cold Harbor, and Gordon and Pettigrew and all the rest of the long list of her sons who have gone forth to slay or to be slain, is there any reason why she should pe less proud of this, her other captyin, who fights in order that his felloy Countrymen may have life, and have it more abundantly?

And She Kept On Smoking.

"Aunt Chloe, do you think you are a Christian?" asked a preacher of an old negro woman who was smoking a pipe.

"Yes, brudder, I'spects I is."

"Do you believe in the Bible?"

"Yes, brudder."

"Do you know there is a passage in the Scriptures that declares that nothing unclean shall inherit the kingdom of heaven?"

"Yes, I'se heard it?"

"Well, you smoke, and there is nothing so unclean as the breath of a smoker. So what do you say to that?"

"Well, when I go dere I 'spects to leave my breff behind me."—Kansas Farmer.

—A number of our teachers attended a performance given by the Daviidson College Orchestra and Glee Club in Statesville Tuesday night.

Men We Have Known In Church And State

Continued from page one.

Psalms.

He removed to Philadelphia, and there in 1865 the writer called upon the dear old doctor, and found him hard at work upon this commentary, which is a lasting memorial, and will live long after many spoken messages shall have faded from memory: and even after the Faculty of Alleghany in those stormy days shall be forgotten.

The writer witnessed an amusing scene at a congregational meeting of Franklin Street Presbyterian church in Baltimore. It was not long after Doctor Bullock had resigned his pastorate, and the congregation had met to choose a pastor. Dr. W. U. Mirkland who had been Dr. Bullock's associate in the pastorate had many friends in the congregation and was named as a candidate. There were many others who while friendly to Murkland, desired to elect the Rev. Moses D. Hoge, of Richmond Va.

Dr. Plumer who was spending the summer in Baltimore was asked to moderate the Congregational meeting. John L Week who was one of the most influential Elders in the church, made an earnest plea for the election of Dr. Hoge. At the close of his remarks, Dr. Plumer asked the privilige of a few words. He went on to say that he knew Moses D. Hoge as few men knew him, for he came to Richmond as his assistant almost at the beginning of his ministry. Hoge had grown into the very heart and life of Richmond and nothing he believed would induce him to leave his present charge, he would live and die in Richmond. It would be a waste of time to call him, and he would advise the securing of the young brother who has been named, while he could be had."

It seems that John L Weeks was a man of a good memory and his reply was a very ready one, although it did not secure the election of Hoge.

Weeks went on to say that "this occasion reminded him of something that occured a number of years ago. A certain church in Baltimore, sought the service of a very eminent Richmond divine, and they were told precisely what the good brother is telling us to-day. That brother would never, never leave his beloved people, would live and die with them."

The call was made and lo! the good brother found that he could just as easily go to Heaven by way of Baltimore."

The only reply that Dr. Plumer made to this, was 'Weeks you are a wag," for it was Dr. Plumer who did accept that call.

Plumer was right however in his idea as to Dr. Hoge's leaving Richmond, for we do not believe that any call, would have taken him from his people. So strong were his local attachments

We have given a hasty sketch of a great preacher, and a great man, that we may let the present generation know, that "there were giants in those days."

From humble beginnings as a Pioneer, Plumer became the foremost preacher of his time, and has left his name written high on the roll of church History.

—We had rather a slim attendance at Sunday School on Sunday, owing to so many of the children being on the sick list, but there is nothing serious we think a cast iron dog, on the front lawn would take a cold such weather as this.

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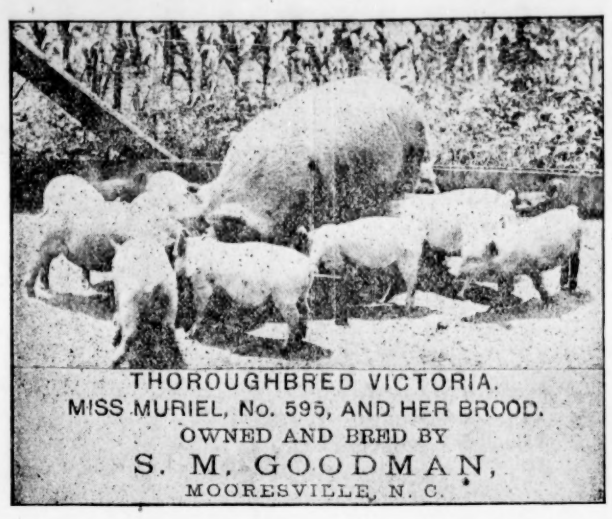

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